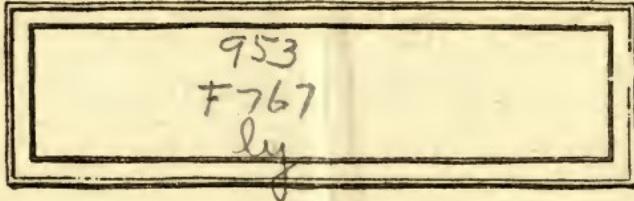
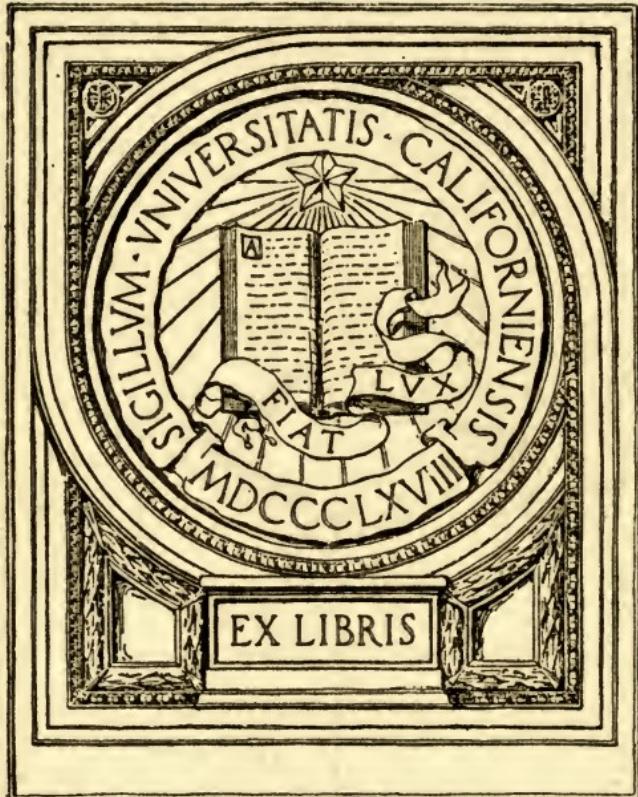


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# LYRICS OF WAR AND PEACE

BY

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'MASTERPIECES OF THE MASTERS OF FICTION'  
'SOME LOVE SONGS OF PETRARCH,'  
ETC.



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IN WAR TIME



## IN WAR TIME

### *Fall, silent Snow*

FALL, silent snow, from out the pitying sky  
And hide our guilty world ! Cover them all—  
The corpses that in reeking trenches lie—  
The Belgian, the Briton and the Gaul,  
Teuton and Slav ; fall softly then and deep  
On ruined home and blasted field and wood ;  
To thy cold pillow let the wounded creep,  
Till Death at last brings peace—and brother-  
hood !

O couldst thou hide despair ! Couldst thou but  
stay  
The pangs of famine ! Couldst thou still the cry  
Of desolate mothers, couldst thou but allay  
The widow's grief and hush the maiden's sigh  
O'er broken hopes ! How many a winter's snow  
Must fall ere time shall heal this universal woe !

*Night Thoughts*

THROUGH the long night I tossed ; the drums of  
war

Hammered upon my heart ; the winter wind  
Cried out for vengeance upon those who bore  
The guilt of this great crime against mankind ;  
What was it for ? What destiny malign,  
What thirst for empire, boundless power and  
fame

Could unto hopeless ruin thus consign  
The innocent and set the world aflame ?  
How will it end ? What prophet shall foretell  
The dire reprisals and the final doom ;  
And they who opened wide this fiery hell,  
When shall they leap into the flaming tomb ?  
In what far heaven doth the Almighty keep  
His thunderbolts ? Where doth His justice sleep ?

*To the New Year*

O YEAR unborn ! what hell thine eyes must see  
When they unclose ! Thy snowy mantle red  
With precious life blood flowing aimlessly  
Thro' the deep trenches and around the dead !  
What blasts of bursting shells shall smite thine  
ear !  
What groans attend the anguish of thy birth !  
What drum-beats, smothering cries of pain and  
fear,  
Roll their loud curses o'er the shivering earth !  
Forth from thy snows what blackened ruins rise  
Of wasted cities with their battered walls,  
Of tall cathedral spires that pierced the skies,  
Of thatch-roofed cottages and stately halls,  
By war's wild fury shattered, wrecked and torn—  
And one short week ago the Prince of Peace was  
born !

*Lo ! Summer cometh*

Lo ! summer cometh through her emerald gate  
With life renewed in flower and bird and tree,  
And love hath made all things articulate,  
And filled the world with joy and melody.  
Yet over all these smiling fields of green  
Hate, the destroyer, reigns, and mine and shell  
Burst from the earth and sea and sky serene,  
And myriads perish in a flaming hell !  
Nature would stretch her loving hand to save,  
And lift her voice to comfort every cry ;  
The turf is green that grows on many a grave,  
And blossoms clothe the fields where heroes lie ;  
But in despairing hearts what summer's bloom  
Shall hide with flowers of hope this universal  
tomb ?

*The Rain*

Is it the battle's vapours that have spread  
Their curtain o'er the crystal of the sky,  
Till the thick clouds that hung above the dead  
Have shrouded all the world's immensity ?  
Week upon week the tireless rains descend,  
And field and wood are covered with the gloom ;  
The sullen hours drag on that have no end  
Like evil omens of a general doom.  
'Tis vain, O sun, to turn thine eye away  
From fields of slaughter. Though the clouds  
may hide  
The shame and horror, yet they cannot stay  
The onward sweep of war's remorseless tide ;  
Shine forth and cheer a world by conflict torn,  
Till peace shall dawn at last upon some happier  
morn.

*Vae Victis*

WOE to the vanquished ! Let them perish all !  
Both men and nations ! Life is for the strong  
And not for weaklings ! Smite them till they fall !  
Justice is dead ; there is no right nor wrong !  
Woe be to those whose innocence alone  
Is all their armour, for the conqueror's sword  
Shall desolate their land and they shall groan  
Under the stern rule of an alien lord.  
My country ! Thou art strong and great of soul,  
But sleeping, and thy sword is put away ;  
Awake ! what hostile drum-beats round thee roll,  
What foes may crush thee or what friends  
betray !  
Arise ! while war's red gospel fires the sky,  
Shalt thou alone all undefended lie ?

*Remorse*

THEY sent us forth to search the town. ‘ Spare neither child nor man,

Woman nor any living thing’—’twas thus the order ran.

I entered a low dwelling, I climbed the humble stair,

I searched in vain ; there was no voice, no footfall anywhere.

I turned to go ; a curtain moved ! behind it was a child ;

A blue-eyed boy by the window stood and looked at me and smiled.

I thought to leave him there unharmed. How could a father kill

The helpless thing that trusted him and had no thought of ill ?

But then the soldier’s duty spoke, ‘ A soldier must obey,

’Tis not for him to pity when the order is to slay.’

I shot the boy ! I hear to-day his wild despairing  
cries,

I see the look he gave me from those clear reproach-  
ful eyes.

Where'er I go that memory is ever at my side,  
And even in the silent grave the vision will abide.

# BEYOND THE SEAS

C



## BEYOND THE SEAS

### *To Pompeii*

As is the face of one but newly slain—  
All motionless, yet filled with seeming life,  
With lips half parted and with eyes astrain,  
And cheeks yet red with anger of the strife ;  
Thus, stricken city ! through these buried years,  
Thy death-cloth drawn away, thou art revealed  
As one just fall'n ; thy passions and thy fears  
As keenly marked as when thy fate was sealed.  
On the soft breast that hid those fires below,  
Thy luxury reclined, but all the art  
That Greece did with her delicate hand bestow  
To deck thy beauty, could not change thy heart,  
Which still confesses, in this tainted dust,  
Thy greed, oppression, cruelty and lust.

*To Italy*

FAIR land, all hearts are captive unto thee !

Thy casket holdeth every jewel rare

Wherewith God decks the world ; thy golden  
air

Laden with languid joy ; the sapphire sea

That doth enfold thy shores ; the mystery

Of opalescent clouds above the green

Of emerald hills with crystal lakes between ;

Thy peaks, ice crowned in glittering majesty !

Nor nature fair alone, but history

With every scene her subtle charm doth twine,  
Doth fill each grove with some bright memory,

And in each wall some precious deed enshrine  
While we are bound in the soft witchery

Of beauty, music, song and art divine !

*Valsolda's Voices*

THEplash of ripples on the garden wall ;  
The chime of distant bells ; the whirr of wings ;  
The warbling of the wren ; the cuckoo's call ;  
The lark's clear notes when to his mate he  
sings ;  
The sparrows' chatter ; and when all is still,  
From the dark thicket, the melodious song  
Of nightingales which the soft air doth fill,  
And deep into the day its strains prolong ;  
The chorus on the water far away ;  
The rustle of the palm that would beguile  
The sighing airs which through the cypress stray—  
On sounds like these the listening heavens smile !  
Into that silent blue the white peaks rise,  
And here I sit, and this is Paradise !

*By Valsolda*

LOVE, we have travelled far together and we have  
seen many things,  
We have bestirred us from morning until night in  
search of novelties—  
Paintings by the masters, sculptures of ancient  
days,  
Churches and palaces and gardens that filled our  
eyes with wonder,  
Castles upon lofty heights and cities with many  
towers and battlements.  
Now let us rest awhile and fill our souls with one  
scene only ;  
It is a scene incomparable, let us fix it in our  
memories for ever ;  
The same, yet changing, with light and shade  
alternate ;

Mountains heavy with clouds and then rejoicing  
in a sunlight that seems eternal ;  
A lake now slumbering, now foaming, now rippling  
with laughter ;  
Green climbing hills with villages clinging to their  
sides  
And rugged peaks above them ; vineyards and  
terrace walls  
Moss-covered and with cactus crowding through  
the crannies ;  
Flowers everywhere and a quiet air yet over-  
flowing with the harmonies of birds ;  
Tall cypress sentinels to guard the churchyards  
and the dwellings,  
And to watch over the magnolias and palmettoes.

Such, too, has been the landscape of the days that  
we have lived together ;  
Peaks of aspiration that glistened in the sunshine,  
and anon were covered by clouds ;  
The waters of life, now calm, now stirred to fury;  
now laughing in the breeze ;

Clinging companionships like those vines and  
villages ; some weeds too that have grown in  
the crannies,  
But over all the beautiful heaven filled with  
songs of birds,  
And the green around us and the flowers and the  
cypress that shall guard our bodies at the  
end.

*Moods*

'Tis dawn. The clouds hang low upon the hills.  
The lake is leaden—not a breath to stir  
The tiniest wave. A heavy silence fills  
All space. The grey world is a sepulchre !

Now the breeze flutters, and blue isles of light  
Steal through the grey. Alternate sun and shade  
Fleck the crisp waters, scale the mountain height,  
Sport on the crag and gambol through the glade !

The clouds are gone ; and in the glittering sheen  
Of morning sunlight, Spring, a jewelled bride ;  
With flowers and songs of birds and tender green  
Of wood and meadow, draws her veil aside !

And look ! far off where white peaks pierce the  
sky !  
'Tis there earth touches immortality !

LUGANO, May 1, 1913.

*Among the Alps*

ONCE more among the mountains ! Hither still  
    My old love calls and memories replete  
With rapture of the crags I scaled. What thrill  
    Of conquest, with the whole world at my feet !—  
The start before the dawn ; the rapid climb  
    Through the green meadows, up the rocks and  
        snow  
Under the starlight, where in ranks sublime  
    Those great white giants stand. Now far below  
The tinkling bells grow faint, I hear no more  
    The rush of water ; silence like the tomb,  
An Alpine silence, falls ; the mountains hoar  
    Stand still and wait till dawn shall break the  
        gloom ;  
Till passionate sunbeams pierce the rosy flush,  
And the pale peaks greet their lovers with a blush !

Now the pink light is creeping softly down  
Those giant folds till the thick morning haze  
That lies like fleece on valley, field and town  
Doth slowly melt beneath the warming rays !  
The clouds below me break ; islands of green  
Come peering forth and wide and wider grow  
Till woodland, lake and river in the sheen  
Of the clear morning sunlight smile and glow.  
Day has awakened ; on the lonely peak  
Where I did greet its coming, blistering rays  
Flash keen across the snow. Now down ! and  
seek  
A timely shelter on those perilous ways  
Where tumbling masses crash and the dull roar  
Of the avalanche chills the spirit to its core.



# **LOVE AND LIFE**



## LOVE AND LIFE

### *In Absentia*

IN what strange ether move those waves of light  
Between thy heart and mine ? What spirit air  
Quivers with thy dear voice, both day and night,  
In dreams and waking hours ? Thy silken hair  
Lies loose in shining waves for my caresses ;  
The eyes that rest on mine are passing fair  
The while I toy with those soft rippling tresses.

I hear thee, see thee, touch thee. Can it be  
Thou art so far and that the words I hear  
Have spread their wings over the land and sea  
Ere they alighted on my eager ear ?  
That what I see is but the picture fair  
That fancy fashions when it turns to thee ?  
That what I touch is but the image rare  
That blissful memories have wrought for me ?

What love unspeakable thy smiles do tell !  
    What floods of passion through thy bright eyes  
        stream !  
Surely in some diviner sphere we dwell,  
    We two alone, with all the world a dream !

*August 1, 1914.*

*The Return*

SOFTLY she entered through the open door.

I looked upon her, and it was the sun  
Shining on all the world ! I looked once more,  
And lo ! a rose ! and like it there was none !  
A fair white rose that glistened with the dew !  
Then a low voice with music filled my heart  
And veiled mine eyes in tears. Could it be true,  
And was she there indeed ? Why did we part ?  
At last the days of absence all were o'er !  
Then the warm kiss, the hand upon my brow,  
The quiet talk of what had gone before;  
And all the things that we alone did know !  
In that low murmur and that fond caress  
What an eternity of happiness !

*In Yosemite*

AH-WAH-NE's gentle vale is lying low  
Deep at the foot of many a hoary hill,  
Across her face the breezes come and go  
And visions not of earth the senses fill—  
The mountain, mirrored in the lake serene—  
The giant cliff that rears its crest on high—  
The stream that winds through wood and meadow  
green—  
The crystal torrent, leaping from the sky !  
Yet lovelier than the mountain or the stream,  
Or the soft airs that through the woodland  
stray,  
Were those dear eyes that made the world a dream  
And the low voice that stole my heart away.  
Methought each waterfall and rock and tree  
Did homage to that bright divinity.

*The Vision of Daphnis*

THERE is a voice that charms me while I dream,  
A face that bends above me in my sleep,  
And rippling tresses touch me that do seem  
Woven of sunbeams. Then from slumber deep  
I waken, but the radiant vision still  
Bides at my side, a woman's perfect form  
Instinct with gracious life. A joyous thrill  
Mantles her cheek with red, her breath is warm,  
Her eyes are tender ; now her lips press mine  
And murmur low sweet words, while a white arm  
Doth round my neck in close embracement twine  
As though to shelter me from care and harm.  
Nor is our love the passion of a day,  
But long hath been and shall be ours alway

*Sapphics*

Then had Aeneas perished, King of men,  
Had not Jove's daughter, Venus, quick perceived  
His peril imminent.

Cowper's *Iliad*, v. 360.

WET with white foam-flakes and with dew of  
morning,

Breathing forth desire from their eager nostrils,  
Stand the steeds, fire-eyed, and with feet im-  
patient ;

Aching for combat.

All around were hosts of the stern Achaians,  
All around were hosts of the valiant Trojans,  
While above were gathered the gods of heaven ;  
Silence was on them.

Silence deep and dread as when clouds of heaven  
Roll together, pause for the fiery combat,  
Pause, ere red flames flash and the crash of  
thunders

Shivers the darkness.

Rings the loud lash ! Wild as the waves of ocean  
Leap those flaming steeds, as a hungry tiger,  
Crouched long time in rushes and grass, in silence  
Leaps on his victim.

Now Aeneas, flushed with the dawn of battle,  
Joyful speeds to cope with the brave Tydides ;  
Him he spied afar, in his might rejoicing,  
Smiting the Trojans.

Then the heroes, shouting a noise of battle,  
Joined in conflict ; high from the earth Tydides  
Raised a great rock, hurled it against the Trojan,  
Smote him with darkness.

Now Aeneas, fallen to earth, had perished,  
Save that Venus, darling of Jove, espied him ;  
She, in white arms, gently her dear son lifting,  
    Bore him from battle.

Foam-born mother ! so unto us descending,  
Worn with toil and labour and dust of battle,  
Bear us up on white arms of love, and grant us  
    Rest in thy bosom.

*Clouds*

YES, the smiling clouds are angels,

Angels of the air ;

On the path from earth to heaven

Peri bright and fair.

They are messengers of plenty,

Raining happy harvests down ;

Now they gild the skies of sunset,

Now the hoary hills they crown.

Forms fantastic, visions rare,

Flit and hover ever in the air.

Now they vaunt the pride of armies

Marching with the gale ;

Now they breathe in rainy darkness

Sorrow's plaintive tale ;

Now they come, the moon's attendants,

Following the steps of love ;

Now they speak in gloomy thunders,

Direful wrath of gods above.

Human passions, dark and fair,

Pictured by the angels of the air.

Yonder is a cloudy palace,  
Just a minute old—  
Roof of pearl and walls of silver,  
Pillars bright with gold ;  
Now it is a mighty mountain,  
Towering tall and grim and high ;  
Now, like forms of shadowy dreamland,  
All go flitting, flitting by.  
Lights of joy and shades of care,  
Chasing one another through the air.

Colours rich in cloudy beauty  
To the earth are given,  
But the brightest hues are cherished  
For the eye of Heaven.  
Like those angels of the sunlight,  
Is the heart of one I love ;  
Dear she is to all around her,  
Dearer yet to One above.  
Sweet to us, yet passing fair  
To that keen Eye that searcheth everywhere.

*May and October*

THRICE blest am I that through the changing  
years

No change in love I find ; that the young face  
That nestled close upon my breast appears

Fair as when first I saw it. Still the grace  
Of every motion charms. Her hair is white—

I love it so. The lines upon her brow—  
I see them not. Her eye is just as bright,  
Her glance as tender and her voice as low  
As when it spoke the words that made us one,

Or when its music sang my heart away  
In passionate youth. Nay, our October sun  
Is mellower than the richest tints of May.  
Her dauntless spirit never can grow cold,  
Nor rust of age tarnish a heart of gold.

*Darby and Joan*

A QUIET face is near me while I write,  
And radiates content. We sit alone.  
Her fingers ply the needle, skilful, light ;  
Anon her eyes seek mine. Our brood has flown,  
Yet the days are full of sunshine, aye, too fast  
They hasten by, and we full well do know  
By our white locks, such bright days cannot last ;  
That soon the hour draws near when one must go,  
And leave an empty world. The future hides  
The riddle that we ask, ‘ Which shall it be ? ’  
For bitterer far the lot of him who bides,  
A happier fate to sail the unknown sea !  
Old comrades we in fair and stormy weather ;  
As comrades still, why not leave port together ?

*A Tribute*

How bright the promise when the trees in spring  
Break into bloom, how soon alas to fade !  
Some will bear fruit to crown their blossoming,  
Some give their foliage and grateful shade ;  
Those that with beauty only deck the field,  
They are the ones we treasure most of all,  
Forgetful of the toilers that will yield  
Their generous increase in the coming fall ;  
But I know one whose blossoms do not fade,  
Whose beauty grows, and all her leaves are fair.  
How have I rested in their cooling shade,  
And watched them stirring in the summer air ;  
And in this golden autumn sunshine, how  
The mellow fruit hangs upon every bough !

*A Daughter's Love*

A HAPPY father thou, when sturdy sons  
    In mellowing age a golden youth renew,  
In them thy name through generations runs,  
    By them achieved, thy early dreams come true.  
But happier he whose daughters round him twine  
    Their loving arms in his declining years,  
And if he smile, their eyes with gladness shine,  
    Or if he grieve, their cheeks are wet with tears.  
For deeper tenderness hath woman's heart  
    For him she loves than son for sire can feel ;  
His waning hours she cheers with simple art ;  
    And o'er his couch a fragrant breath doth steal  
From gentle lips whence no reproaches come,  
    And a fond breast where thought of self is dumb.

*Laus Deo*

How I do bless the hour that gave me birth,  
And her who bore me for these happy years,  
Filled to the brim with every joy of earth,  
Wreathed with its roses, scant alone in tears !  
Full life and vigour, lit by golden rays  
Of constant friendship ; faithful wife and fair,  
Nay, fairer grown in these declining days,  
While evening's light streams on her silver hair ;  
Children and children's children at her knees  
In filial homage ; low soft words of love  
Around a warm bright hearth, what more than  
these  
Can fruitful earth bestow or heaven approve ?  
One gift alone God's bounty still can send,  
And close a fair life with a peaceful end.

*The Humanist*

Go, surly anchorite, and crush the flowers ;  
Stifle the songs of birds on every bough ;  
Strip all the leaves of pleasure from the hours ; .  
Walk with a crown of thorns upon thy brow ;  
Mumble thy prayers ; look not in woman's eyes ;  
With scourge and sackcloth make thy life a hell,  
Then claim for this thy place in paradise !  
For all thy torments God reward thee well !  
Nay, go thy ways—a better part for me !  
Filled with the love of beauty like the Greek,  
From gloomy fears and superstitions free,  
The near delights of earth I fain would seek—  
Fair nature's smile, man's fellowship sincere ;  
For joy is in my heart, and heaven is here !

*Happiness*

Two kinds of sorrows vex your lives with care :  
Things that you can, and things you cannot  
mend.

If you can change them, do it. Why despair ?  
If not, then why your days in torment spend ?  
For beauty is around you everywhere  
In the blue sky or cloud, at noon or night,  
And glory fills the heavens, and earth is fair,  
Whether its mantle be of green or white.  
Whence cometh joy ? On many a pampered son  
Nature bestows her richest gifts in vain,  
While from some crippled, poor, neglected one  
Her songs arise with smiles that banish pain.  
The well-spring is within to curse or bless ;  
In your own hearts is grief or happiness.

*Mothers*

THOUGH I had lost my little ones, I tried  
To spin life's thread anew and bring relief  
To other suffering creatures at my side,  
And one poor mother filled my heart with grief.  
Her babes were pinched with hunger and half-clad,  
Her home was cold and empty. So I gave  
Enough for food and warmth. 'Twas all she had—  
But once she came and would my pardon crave ;  
'I pray you think me not too bold,' she said,  
'I spent the half of all that you have given  
In holy mass for those sweet children dead ;  
I could not rest till they had hope of heaven.'  
Dear Lord, who from our hearts the veil dost lift,  
What sayest Thou ? Who brought the richer gift ?

*Dies Nefastus*

I RAGE at all the world ! All things conspire  
To vex and fret me ! Hear that rasping noise !  
That blackbird chatter ! Look ! from my open  
fire

A cinder leaps and my new coat destroys !  
My morning mail is full of vain demands !

I hear a friend has left me in the lurch :  
I learn of neighbouring missionary bands  
Coming to make me say I'll go to church !  
'Tis not enough to wish that I were dead,

I feel like Nero as I snarl and groan,  
And wish that humankind had but one head  
That I might chop it off and live alone !  
The imps of sheol on my spirit prey !  
'Tis the thirteenth ! my most unlucky day !

*Early Spring*

CLOUDLESS the sky ; the first warm sun of spring  
Has broken through the chill of winter days ;  
The tender twigs give sign of blossoming ;  
The distant wood sleeps softly in the haze,  
The ants are venturing forth, the bluebirds call  
Responsive out of somewhere in the sky ;  
The shadows of the trunks and branches fall  
O'er the brown leaves that on the hillside lie.  
Lo ! something is astir, tho' all unseen,  
In every blade and spray ; the boughs are bare,  
Yet teem with promise of their coming green  
Won by the warm breath of the quiet air.  
So let thy life, like this prolific hour,  
Teem with the promise of new leaf and flower

*The Dream of Youth*

THE world is mine ! What prizes doth it hold !  
    What golden apples hang upon the tree !  
Knowledge and honour, power and wealth untold,  
    Beauty and love—and all shall come to me !  
A name that shall endure throughout all time—  
    Since others have achieved it, why not I ?  
And history shall write my deeds sublime,  
    And all salute me as I pass them by.  
With high and noble purpose and a mind  
    Filled to the brim with love of righteousness,  
With speech to sway the councils of mankind,  
    With deeds to thrill them and a heart to bless,  
What glittering hopes upon my pathway shine !  
I'll scale the topmost peak ! The world is mine !

*A Retrospect*

THE dreams of youth were vain, but in their stead  
Came better things ; no fame, but household  
joy

And wholesome duties ; peace without annoy,  
Deep love and constant ; she whom I did wed  
Hath never changed. Yet one dark sorrow spread  
Its shadow over us and did destroy  
A golden hope ; our gentle brown-eyed boy,  
His fair-haired sister's guardian, with her fled  
To other lands ; and we above the dead,  
Who lie together on a hillside green,  
Do sometimes stand, our quiet tears to shed,  
Remembering the beauty that hath been  
And how it passed. Soon in such narrow bed  
We too shall lie, beneath the stars serene.

*Indian Summer*

WHEN I review the landscape of my life  
From the calm heights where now I pause and  
rest,  
All vanished are the storm and wind and strife,  
And gone the clouds that floated o'er its breast.  
The fields lie warm in sunshine ; a faint haze  
Broods o'er the hills beneath the mellow sky ;  
The leaves that fluttered down through autumn  
days  
All crisp and shrivelled on the earth do lie.  
Fond hopes were they—these withered dreams of  
fame ;  
Yet love remains and I am well content—  
If but some fragrant memory bless my name  
Not all in vain these teeming days were spent.  
But soon shall winter come and snow must fall  
To hide fair nature's face, and cover all.

*De Senectute*

THE leaves fall fast, the locks upon my head  
Grow thin and gray. 'Tis winter comes apace.  
Soon will the foliage of the woods be dead  
And icy tempests hide fair nature's face.  
Yet shall my hearth be bright and shed a glow  
Cheery and warm as if the summer smiled,  
While the clear sunshine that my heart doth know  
Shall gleam afresh in youth from age beguiled !  
Love, tears and laughter and the hate of wrong—  
Let me still keep them ! And my young desires  
I will pursue with dancing feet and song  
Till the last ember on the hearth expires !  
Nay, let mine ear grow dull, eye dim, and body  
fail,  
Yet o'er the wreck a dauntless heart prevail !

*Falling Leaves*

THE autumn days are here ; the brown leaves fall  
Reluctant, one by one, from bush and tree ;  
Friend after friend departs ; I hear a call,  
And wonder if the summons is for me.  
Not as when once in youth with choking fear  
I heard that voice, my hopes all unfulfilled ;  
To-day with quiet heart the call I hear  
Each vain regret and dark foreboding stilled ;  
For I have lived my life, my days are done :  
Their clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows  
spent—  
Shame of defeat and pride of victory won—  
And soon to my long rest I go content,  
Whether to wake upon some happier shore  
Or sleep without a dream for evermore.

*Pallida Mors*

YOUNG was I and strong, joyous and full of hope,  
How beautiful was the world ! What treasures of  
knowledge to be explored !

What dreams of glory and achievement ! What  
good to be done to a dull foolish generation !  
What visions of a better era when poverty and  
vice and wrong should cease !

O to be a leader in the struggle for the emancipa-  
tion of mankind !

And the raptures of woman's love ! For kind eyes  
smiled on me,

And the voices of the maidens around me were  
merry with laughter.

What sunshine on the wings of my fancy ! what  
gold on the morning clouds as they opened  
before me !

When lo ! a voice at my side ! ' Nay, come with  
me,' it whispered.

I turned and behold ! a haggard face and very pale,

With cavernous eyes that were blazing with  
desire for me,

And a long skinny hand that struck me on the  
breast.

'Who art thou?' I asked, and it replied, 'I am  
the White Terror,

Who gathers the young and fair by thousands in  
the pride of their youth.'

Then it spoke no more, but walked a little behind  
me and silent, at my side,

While the fever and the dull pain in my breast  
were there to remind me.

How could a good God send this thing when flowers  
and sunshine were around me everywhere?

But the face still peered over my shoulder, and  
there was no answer.

The physicians admonished me to flee—to the  
mountains—to the dry plains of the west,

And I became a fugitive—wandering to escape  
my doom,

But still I heard the patter of bony feet beside  
me, and the face was there and the dull pain;

Then I cried and prayed in my agony, but for  
a long time all was in vain.

The footsteps followed, followed without ceasing,  
then there was a little respite,  
And as the years went by they fell behind and at  
last I heard them no more.

. . . . .

Now the evening lights are around me and I see  
again the face of the destroyer ;  
At first it was a little way off, now it draws nearer  
and nearer ;  
It cannot be very long until I must heed the  
summons.  
But how its countenance is changed ; pale still,  
but calm and with a smile,  
It seeks not to clutch me as of old with passionate  
eagerness,  
But it would win me as a friend and counsel me to  
quiet slumber,  
And were it not for gentle ones around me who  
would fain keep me a little longer,  
Its soft voice would almost persuade me to follow  
it with joy unto the tomb.  
For that thing which is inevitable, what better  
time than to-day if all is ripe ?

I am not yet weary of the world—why wait till  
the heaviness of age shall overcome me ?  
My work is wellnigh done—A little more or less,  
what matters it ?  
And afterwards—whether it be resurrection or  
eternal rest, I shall still be content.

*The Bee*

A BEE through my half-opened window flies,  
And flutters in the sunshine on the pane,  
Beating against the glass in efforts vain  
His tireless wings, while to escape he tries.  
Dull creature ! In their own way bees are wise,  
For dwellings trim in swarming towns they  
build,  
Store honey till their granaries are filled,  
And armies, crafts and guilds they organize ;  
But on that unfamiliar pane, this bee  
Cannot discern the way that he must go,  
And marks not close at hand an egress free  
To the blue sky and that clear morning glow.  
Only th' accustomed pathway can he see,  
Only his round of daily duties know.

We deem ourselves far wiser than the bee.  
We rear our stately cities ; we explore  
The hidden depths of nature ; from her store  
We heap, with gems and gold, our treasury ;  
We scour the heavens and we roam the sea ;  
We fain would reach the stars. How much we  
know !

Yet when our feet to other worlds would go,  
Threading the mazes of eternity,  
In wild and aimless wanderings they try  
This way and that ; we beat our wings in vain  
Against the glass ; false pathways we descry,  
Delusions dull ! We strive again, again  
With useless toil to reach the shining sky,  
Blind as the bee upon the window pane !

*How shall they think of me ?*

How shall they think of me when I am gone—  
    Those that I love ? With sob and sigh and tear,  
    Toiling with bowed heads through the heavy  
        year ?

In sackcloth and in ashes shall they groan,  
Stifle the songs of birds with cry and moan,  
    Banish all joy of life with frown austere,  
    And hush the children's laughter in dull fear,  
Darkening fair nature to one sombre tone ?  
No ! let the laugh ring clear, the jest be gay,  
    The song as blithe as ever ; I'll be there  
    To dance again that merry roundelay,  
        And chase afar the surly brood of care.  
Forget me not, but in your work or play  
Give me my part, nor deem I am away.

*Beyond the Veil*

BROTHERS, if in that country where you dwell  
Come thoughts of earth and those who linger  
here,  
Be sure that they whom you have held so dear  
Are with you still to-day. No funeral knell  
Hath chased away your presence, nor can quell  
In faithful hearts the sense that you are near  
Which we have kept through many a changing  
year—

The love which time nor death can quite dispel.  
We almost hear your voices—touch your hands;  
You seem to come once more, and smile and  
speak!  
Soon to your world we pass, where we must  
seek  
Your surer guidance through those unknown  
lands—  
Your welcome, when beyond the silent sea,  
We climb the hills that touch eternity.

*Non Piangere*

WEEP when thy lover's arms are turned to clay,  
Or when the breast that nourished thee is chill,  
Or curling baby locks are put away,  
And bright eyes close and prattling lips are still ;  
Mourn for the youth whose hope is crushed in  
bloom,  
For the sweet maid, by loathsome death defiled,  
Or for the bride who trembles at the tomb,  
Or the young mother who must leave her child :  
But not for me, whose count of days is done,  
Whose work is ended and whose pulse is low ;  
For I can look upon the setting sun,  
And fear no harm, and watch the evening glow  
Fade upon field and forest and far hills,  
Fair landscape of the past ! and slowly mark  
The flickering lights appear, while quiet fills  
My soul, that fain would drowse i' the gathering  
dark,  
And welcome a long slumber, still and deep,  
E'en though it were an everlasting sleep.

## PERSONALIA

I



## PERSONALIA

### *Petrarch*

ACROSS the centuries and in every land  
His name is honoured still. In that long night  
When learning's flame was quenched, it was his  
hand  
That lit the torch and brought the welcome light.  
So says the world, and yet it treasures more  
Those songs that tell of frailties like our own—  
The fruitless love which many a year he bore,  
That grew the brighter when its hope was gone.  
The lays wherein his passion was enshrined  
Outlast the ages. While from day to day  
I read his lines, old age is left behind  
And youth returns ; these scattered locks of  
grey  
Turn brown once more, and solemn wisdom dies  
Under the witchery of my lady's eyes.

*Oliver Perry Morton*

FEW are the spirits so supremely great  
That they can turn the tides of destiny  
With ruin fraught and drive the waves of fate  
To dash on other shores ; yet such was he.  
Our state was drifting to the dark abyss  
That yawned behind secession ; treason lay  
Lurking on every side ; all hearts but his  
Faltered in doubt upon that perilous way.  
His arm alone our heavy burdens bore  
That else had crushed us. Grim adversity  
Inspired him. Through that long and bitter war  
He held us steadfast unto victory,  
While Lincoln gave to freedom its new birth,  
And kept the people's rule upon the earth.

*Theodore Roosevelt*

Lo ! he would lift the burden from the weak,  
Kindle with hope the dull eye of despair,  
And for the common weal all things would dare,  
Scourging the money-changers, smiling, sleek,  
Forth from the temple till on him they seek  
Impotent vengeance. Slanders must he bear—  
Foul imprecations that infect the air—  
Lies till the heavy breath of heaven doth reek  
With stench of calumny—the assassin's blow,  
The mockery of the proud ; the stinging thorn  
Of fickle friendship, flattery turned to scorn ;  
Yet while the coming years their gifts bestow,  
Crowning great names with glory, his shall shine  
In the front rank of our illustrious line.

*To James Whitcomb Riley*

WHEN from tormenting cares I steal away  
    To haunt the quiet river-side, to hear  
The murmur of the stream, to note the play  
    Of quivering foliage mirrored sharp and clear  
Upon its tranquil breast, to see the boys  
    Plunge in the swimming-hole, to thread the  
        lanes  
Close-thicketed and share the wanton joys  
    Of forest birds, to watch the heavy wains  
Creaking and toiling through the shallow ford,  
    To mark the cricket's chirp and drone of bee,  
Or sit a welcome guest at the farmer's board,  
    Hearing quaint talk and rude philosophy,  
Riley, thy music comes, a soft refrain,  
And blends with all in one harmonious strain.

*To the Sonnet*

THEE Dante fashioned with celestial art,<sup>1</sup>  
And bathed thee in the azure air and gold ;  
Through thee did Petrarch pour his loving heart  
In silver streams that down thy numbers rolled ;  
Amid thy measures Shakespeare's soul did shine  
When first he bent thy form to our dull tongue ;  
And Milton's lyre awoke in strains divine  
When to thy chords his tuneful notes he sung ;  
And Wordsworth loved thee, and through thee  
did pour  
His music of the woods and lakes and hills ;  
And Riley brought thee to the cottage door  
With sound of rustling leaves and trickling rills.  
O Sonnet, proud indeed should thy heart be  
That thou hast dwelt in such high company.

<sup>1</sup> The first four lines of the above are after Carducci,  
*Il Sonetto.*



AD PATRIAM

K



## AD PATRIAM

### *Ad Patriam*

HOPE of the world, to whom the hopeless come  
In thronging multitudes, and shelter find  
In thy protecting arms—whom all men seek  
And none avoid ! Even before thy birth  
God knew that He would love thee, for He gave  
To thee as to none other all His gifts—  
Stretched the vast deep around thee as a wall  
Fringed with a thousand harbours for thy fleets ;  
The two great oceans glittering at thy feet  
With cliff and bay and headland and long range  
Of shining beach—on thee He hath bestowed  
All fruits, all climes, all seasons ; the rude North,  
Bending the pines with snow and strengthening  
The sinews of thy sons, and the soft South  
Where the cane rustles and the summer winds—  
Breezes of endless summer—stir the palms

And fan the orange groves. Thou art alone  
A world unto thyself ; with mountain, plain—  
Innumerable peaks and prairies broad—  
And strong swift streams to carry to the sea  
From farm and mill, from woodland and from  
mine,  
The long neglected treasures of the soil.

How many ages did the forest wait  
The woodman's axe and the luxuriant grass  
Nod on the plains beckoning the husbandman !  
Roll back the years, my soul ! bring to mine eyes  
The scenes from whence my country's glories  
sprang ;  
First that small bark, freighted with hearts  
content  
To brave the sea, famine and wilderness,  
But not to palter with their faith and God.  
I see the fabric of their infant state  
Established ere they reach the barren shores  
Whereon to build it ; I follow their stern lives ;  
And watch the race through toil and pain grow  
strong  
Whose seed shall be the leaders of mankind.

And now the clouds descend and hide my dream ;  
And when again they break, lo ! thirteen states  
Uniting, form a nation ; teach the world  
The new strange truth that men are equal all ;  
And look ! this fresh child Hercules goes forth  
Strangling the Lernean coil of 'right divine',  
And hews his way through eight long years of war  
Against an empire ! Bitter was the strife,  
Slow the deliverance, from Valley Forge  
To that last day at Yorktown, when the sword  
Passed from Cornwallis' hand, to the great chief  
Who is and shall be first in all our hearts !  
Calm, true, majestic, constant as the stars,  
His is the central figure for all time  
In the world's chronicles of liberty !  
Around him stand the fathers ; men with minds  
In girth and height gigantic, not alone  
To fancy's ken, but measured by the line ;  
Not merely freedom's tongues, but architects  
And builders of a state, elastic, strong,  
Fit for the changing needs of coming times,  
The fairest work that statecraft ever planned,  
Had they but given the dark sons of toil  
The rights proclaimed for all. But this one flaw

Weakened the noble structure till it leaned  
And tottered to its fall.

For now the mist  
Thickens, and when again it breaks, I mark  
A great Republic spread from sea to sea  
But rent with grievous discord, and mine eyes  
Peer shuddering o'er the edge of the abyss  
That yawned behind secession, where I see  
My country's mangled body, bleeding, torn.  
Who shall deliver her ? Behold ! a face  
Shines through the gloom, strong, homely, gentle,  
sad,  
Like the Redeemer's visage, filled with the light  
Of one high purpose, that the people's rule  
Shall fail not on the earth. The fetters fall !  
The re-united nation lifts her head  
Above the slaughter of a thousand fields,  
Strong, free, erect, her great sin washed away,  
While on the brow of her deliverer  
God sets the thorny crown of martyrdom !

Once more the vapours drift before mine eyes,  
And when they float away, I see a form

Fairest among the nations, with glad face  
Lit by the smiles of heaven, on fruitful paths  
Of industry outstripping all mankind,  
And holding high a torch to light the world.  
Lo ! on an island close beside her doors  
The stricken ones behold it, and they cry  
Craving deliverance. Hark ! the bugles call,  
The bright sword glistens, and the vow is made  
To put it not away till they are free !  
I watch the fleets go forth, and see the gates  
Flung open, where in Eastern climes the sun  
Brings in the new-born day. Before me lie  
The islands where the task is ours to bring  
To the brown peoples, out of darkness, light,  
And out of chaos, law.

Land of my heart,

What future is before thee ? Shall it be  
To lie at ease, content with thy bright past,  
Heedless of all the world, till idleness  
Relax thy limbs, and swoln with wealth and pride  
Shalt thou abandon justice and the poor ?  
Or shalt thou, re-awakened, scatter wide  
The glorious tidings of a liberty

That lifts the latch of opportunity  
First to thy children—then to all mankind ?  
Love of my soul—God keep thee strong and pure,  
That thou shalt be a fitting messenger  
To carry hope to all the sons of men.

*The Higher Patriotism*

MUST we be welded by the might of kings  
In one hard mould to make us strong and  
great ?

Or can we do ourselves the heroic things  
That crown with power the city and the state ?

In peace as well as war canst thou give all—  
Comfort and home, the love in woman's eyes,  
High hopes and riches, if thy country call—  
Ready and eager for the sacrifice ?

Not only when the bugle sounds, but *now*,  
Forget thy self ? Silence thy mutinous soul !

Tho' thorns of martyrdom may press thy brow,  
Fail not ! for human welfare is the goal !

The state shall stand, tho' thou thyself must fall,  
Or live for freedom's sake, bereft of all !

*The City's Crown*

WHAT makes a city great ? Huge piles of stone  
Heaped heavenward ? Vast multitudes who  
dwell  
Within wide circling walls ? Palace and throne  
And riches past the count of man to tell,  
And wide domain ? Nay, these the empty husk !  
True glory dwells where glorious deeds are done,  
Where great men rise whose names athwart the  
dusk  
Of misty centuries gleam like the sun !  
In Athens, Sparta, Florence, 'twas the soul  
That was the city's bright immortal part,  
The splendour of the spirit was their goal,  
Their jewel, the unconquerable heart !  
So may the city that I love be great  
Till every stone shall be articulate.

*To Womankind*

'The morality of submission and the morality of chivalry are past. The time has now come for the morality of justice.'

JOHN STUART MILL.

**I. SUBMISSION**

UPON thy delicate flesh and dainty form

What fetters man hath bound ! He offered thee  
Homage—'twas mastery ! shelter from the  
storm—

It was a prison ; Opportunity—  
To be his slave and toy ! He made a vow

And called it wedlock, and then wrote the law  
That ruled thee with the rod ! He would 'endow  
With worldly goods ', yet stripped thee—and he  
saw

Thy children torn from thee ; thy duty still  
Was meek submission to his sovereign will !

**II. CHIVALRY**

THY knight hath fought the tourney—won the  
prize,

Hath laid it at thy feet on bended knee,

Hath sought the smile of thine approving eyes  
And vowed undying love and loyalty.  
Beauty still findeth favour in his sight,  
Grace doth he show thee as in days of old,  
But never justice, and that sovereign right  
Whereon all rights depend is still withheld.  
Thine but to charm him and his cares beguile—  
To win him with a tear or with a smile.

### III. JUSTICE

SLOWLY the gates of opportunity  
Open at last, and ever more and more  
Woman is ruler of her destiny  
And shattered many a bond that once she bore.  
All shall be broken ! Man shall seek her aid,  
Not in the narrow bounds of home alone,  
But for the common weal, and wife and maid  
Shall speak with voice as potent as his own.  
God speed the moment when in every land  
All doors shall open to a woman's hand !

*The Pawpaw*

DEEP in our Hoosier woods a fruit grows wild  
That sheds an Orient fragrance faint and rare ;  
Perfume of spice from Araby exiled—  
Breath of the tropics in an alien air !  
Smooth is its seed, dark green and sleek its skin ;  
Slender and frail the tree whereon it grows ;  
Luscious the melting yellow pulp within,  
That ripens till the winter tempest blows.  
How comes it here to the rude north,—this soft  
Child of the southland—of ambrosial flavour  
When first we taste it, but at last, too oft,  
It palls the palate with its sickening savour ;  
And, like the wine cup or the wanton's smile,  
It cloys the sense that it had charmed the while ?



TRANSLATION AND  
PARAPHRASE



## TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

### *To Amaryllis*

To Amaryllis with my song I go,  
To woo her, while upon the grassy hill  
With Tityrus my she-goats crop their fill:  
Good Tityrus, thou'l feed them well I know.  
Lead them to springs where the cool waters flow,  
And of the yellow he-goat have a care,  
The Lybian, lest he butt thee unaware.

• • • • •  
Ah ! lovely Amaryllis, why no more  
Turn thy soft eyes as in the days of yore,  
Down thy dark cave to me ?

Nay, can it be  
Thou hatest me and that I do appear  
Snub-nosed, with bristly beard, when I am near ?  
O I shall hang myself for love of thee !

I bring thee apples plucked where thou didst say,  
And I will bring thee more another day.

Pity my sorrow ! were I but a bee !  
That humming-bee that dips beneath the fern  
And the dark ivy leaves that shelter thee !  
Alas ! with the fierce fire of Love I burn  
That bites me to the bone. A stern god he  
Whom sure the lioness in his infancy  
Did suckle and his mother reared alone  
In the deep wildwood. Ah ! thou heart of stone,  
So fair to look upon ! Ah ! dark-browed maid,  
Embrace thy shepherd true, in this thick shade !  
                Give me thy lips to kiss,  
For e'en in vain caresses there is bliss.

In fragments small thou soon wilt make me rend  
The wreath of ivy that I keep for thee,  
Dear Amaryllis, and with rosebuds blend  
And sprays of fragrant parsley. Woe is me !  
                What anguish do I bear !

Where shall I go ? Thou hearest not my prayer !

I will cast off my coat of skins and leap  
Into those briny waves out yonder where  
Olpis the fisherman his watch doth keep  
For tunny shoals, and there, if I shall die,  
Surely thy cruel heart 'twill satisfy !

## TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE 91

I know my fate. I asked the poppy leaf,  
'Loves she or not?' and 'twould not cling nor  
stay

Nor give a crackling sound, but to my grief  
On my smooth arm it withered fast away.

And Greco, who divineth by the sieve  
And with the reapers to the field doth fare,  
To bind the sheaves, she said my heart doth live  
On love of thee, but that thou hast no care.

Truly the white goat do I keep for thee,  
And the twin kids that Mermnon's daughter too,  
The brown-skinned Eirthakis, asks of me—  
I'll give them to her since thou art not true.

Lo! my right eyelid throbs. Is it a sign  
I'll see her? I will lean against this pine  
And sing to her. Perchance she'll look on me;  
She is not made of adamant like thee.

Lo! Hippomenes, when he did aspire  
To win and wed  
A fair and noble maid,

Took apples in his hand and won the race,  
For, plunged in the deep waters of desire,  
Fair Atalanta saw, and stayed her pace.<sup>1</sup>

The seer Melampus too his herd did lead  
From Othrys down to Pylos. For his meed  
In Bias' arms the lovely mother lay  
Of wise Alphesiboea.<sup>2</sup> Such a way

<sup>1</sup> The Boeotian Atalanta was the daughter of Schoenus. The Delphic oracle had warned her against marriage and she required every suitor to contend with her in the foot-race. If he won, he was to be rewarded with her hand; if he lost, he was to be put to death. She was the most swift-footed of mortals and had overcome many suitors, but when Hippomenes aspired to her hand, Aphrodite gave him golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, which he dropped one after another during the contest, and Atalanta stopping to pick them up lost the race. The pair afterwards profaned by their love the temple of Cybele and were metamorphosed into lions and yoked to her chariot.

<sup>2</sup> Neleus, the son of Tyro and King of Pylos, declared that he would give his beautiful daughter Pero in marriage to the suitor who should bring to him from Othrys in Thessaly the herd of oxen of Phylacus, which had formerly belonged to Tyro. Bias was in love with Pero, and his brother, the seer Melampus, undertook the task. Phylacus gave him the herd as a reward for wise counsel; he brought it to Pylos, whereupon Pero became the wife of Bias and mother of Alphesiboea.

Did young Adonis on the mountains feed  
His flocks, that Cytherea he did lead  
To heights of frenzy, so that, sore distressed,  
Even in death she held him to her breast.

Blest is Endymion in his quiet slumber ! <sup>1</sup>  
And Iasion too, dear maid, for he can number  
Such joys as the profane shall never know.<sup>2</sup>  
My head doth pain me but thou dost not care ;  
I'll sing no more, but unto death I'll fare.  
Here may the wolves devour me, lying low ;  
Yet sweet to thee  
As honey in the mouth my death shall be.

THEOCRITUS, Idyl iii.

<sup>1</sup> As Endymion slept on Mount Latmus, his beauty warmed the cold heart of Selene (the moon), who came down to him and kissed him and lay by his side.

<sup>2</sup> Iasion, beloved of Demeter, who lay with him 'in a thrice ploughed field', for which Zeus slew him with the thunderbolt.—*Odyssey*, v. 125.

*To Polyphemus.*

WITH apples Galatea pelts thy flock,  
And says the goatherd is a laggard swain.  
Thou heedest not, hard man ! while she doth mock,  
But to thy pipe betakest thee again.  
And now behold ! the dog that follows thee  
To guard thy flock—him she is pelting sore.  
Anon he barks and gazes toward the sea,  
And the waves show him capering on the shore.  
Take heed he leap not on the maiden fair  
And rend her flesh when from the brine she  
springs.  
But look again ! and see her wantoning there  
Like thistle-down that the hot summer brings !  
When thou dost woo, affrighted will she flee,  
But when thou woo'st her not, she follows thee !

THEOCRITUS, Idyl vi.

*The Cyclops' Answer*

I saw her. She escaped not that dear eye  
Wherewith I hope to see to my life's end.  
'Twas to torment her that I passed her by,  
And that I loved another did pretend ;  
That she in pain and jealousy might pine,  
Or in her madness leap from out the sea,  
Gazing on all those caves and herds of mine  
Which she hath lost because she flouted me.  
In faith I'm not so hideous as men deem,  
For lately when I looked into the blue  
(The waves were still) all fair my beard did seem,  
And that one eye of mine was comely too—  
As I count comeliness—and my teeth were white  
As Parian marble glittering in the light !

THEOCRITUS, Idyl vi.

*The Song of Boukaios*

MUSES, who dwell by the Pierian spring,  
 Whate'er ye touch, you make it wholly fair !  
 Come then with me ; her praises let us sing—  
 A slender maiden, sweet beyond compare.

A gipsy do they call thee, brown and lean,  
 Dear Bombyca, and withered by the sun !  
 I only know thee truly, and I ween  
 'Tis honey-pale thou art, thou gracious one !  
 Though dark the hyacinth and violet,  
 We choose them first when we our garlands  
 twine !  
 On Aphrodite's altar would I set  
 (If but the wealth of Croesus once were mine),  
 All made of gold, the image of us twain—  
 Thou with thy flute, an apple or a rose,  
 And at thy side thy madly loving swain  
 In fair attire, and with Amyclean shoes !  
 Like carven ivory are thy shining feet,  
 Thy ways past telling, thy voice drowsy sweet !

THEOCRITUS, Idyl x.

*Hymn to Aphrodite*<sup>1</sup>

O QUEEN, who lovest Golgi and the steep  
 Of Eryx, jutting o'er the glittering deep !  
 O Aphrodite, thou who play'st with gold ;  
 The dainty footed Hours have come, behold !  
 They bring thee back Adonis who had gone  
 To the eternal stream of Acheron.  
 Of all the immortals tardiest are they,  
 But come at last to those who wait and pray,  
 And bear with them a gift. And now to thee  
 They bring thy love from Death's captivity.  
 O Cypris, daughter of Dione fair,  
 From mortal to immortal, men declare  
 That thou our Berenice<sup>2</sup> didst transform,  
 Dropping ambrosia on her bosom warm.  
 Therefore for thy delight it is but meet  
 Her daughter Arsinoë, comely, sweet

<sup>1</sup> Sung at a festival given by Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoë, his wife and sister, at Alexandria.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Ptolemy Soter, mother of Ptolemy Philadelphus and of Arsinoë.

As Helen's self, should serve Adonis fair  
With sacrifices beautiful and rare.  
Before him lie ripe fruits of many a tree  
From many a garden's rich fertility.  
See the array these silver baskets hold !  
That Syrian incense in those cups of gold !  
And from the kneading tray the dainty cake  
Of whitest wheaten flour that women make  
With oil and trickling honey, deftly done  
Into the shapes of things that fly and run !  
And here are built for him green shady bowers  
Thick-laden with the tender anise flowers,  
While happy wanton children, breathing love,  
Are fluttering through the foliage above,  
And the young nightingales with trembling fly  
From bough to bough their tender wings to  
try.

O gold and ebony and eagles twain <sup>1</sup>  
Of whitest ivory that bear amain  
Unto the son of Kronos, like a steed,  
The darling of great Zeus, fair Ganymede !

<sup>1</sup> A variation of the myth which represents Zeus as carrying Ganymede to heaven upon a single eagle, to be his cupbearer.

O purple coverlet, more soft than sleep !  
Two couches are there—one doth Cypris keep ;  
One, rosy-armed Adonis, fair to see—  
A bridegroom still in early youth is he,  
With kisses soft and lips with down of gold.  
See Cypris now her lover's arms enfold !  
Good-night to them ! But when the night is  
through,  
We all will gather with the morning dew,  
And to the waves upon the beach repair,  
And thither sweet Adonis will we bear ;  
Ungirt, with breasts unclad, and tresses free,  
We will begin our shrill sweet melody.

## HYMN TO ADONIS

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell,  
Dost visit both the world and Acheron's  
stream ;  
Never such lot to Agamemnon fell  
Nor mighty Ajax in his wrath supreme,  
Nor Hector, eldest born of twenty sons  
Of Hecuba, nor dear Patroclus slain,  
Nor Pyrrhus who returned (the legend runs)  
From out of Troyland with the Grecian train—

100 TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

Nor yet the heroes of more ancient days,  
The Lapithae, or chiefs of Argos old,  
Deucalion's sons, or Pelops' fatal race.  
Of none of these is such a story told.  
Adonis, when thou comest, thou art dear,  
And ever shalt be—Bless the coming year !

THEOCRITUS, Idyl xv.

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TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

*The Tutor of Love*

GREAT Cypris came to me while still I slept,  
And the boy Love in her fair arms did bring ;  
His head was bowed to earth as if he wept ;  
She said, ‘Dear herdsman, teach him how to  
sing.’

Then she departed, and to Love I taught,  
In innocence, my store of pastoral songs,  
Told how Athene wise the flute had brought,  
How to Apollo sweet the harp belongs.

These things I told him, yet he heeded not,  
But sang himself full many an amorous lay,  
Till all the lore I taught him I forgot,  
But what he sang, I hear it still to-day !

BION, Idyl v.

*The Portrait*

MASTER of the Rhodian art,  
Best of painters true and tried,  
Come paint for me the mistress of my heart,  
For she, alas ! is absent from my side.

Paint me first her rippling hair,  
Black, yet very soft and fair,  
Till I see the tresses stir,  
And feel their breath of fragrant myrrh.  
Beneath her dark locks draw for me  
Her perfect cheeks and brow of ivory ;  
And be sure thou keep the grace  
(Not broad nor narrow) of the space  
Above her arching eyebrows where they meet.  
Paint, if thou canst, her sweet  
Alluring glance of hidden fire,  
And melting with the heart's desire  
Like Cytherea's, yet from eyes as blue  
As those of fair Athene, clear and true.

Then mingle with the snows  
Upon her cheek the colour of the rose,  
And see thou do not paint amiss  
Those soft persuasive lips that sue for many a kiss,  
While round the throat of marble that doth lie  
Beneath her delicate chin, the Graces fly !

And last of all, I pray,  
Clothe her in fair array—  
In a thin robe of purple hue ;  
A little let the flesh show through,  
So that I may descry  
Her body sweet beneath the drapery.

Now it is done ; and look ! herself I see,  
And soon that image fair shall talk with me !

ANACREON, Ode 15.

*Dante on Beatrice*

My lady beareth love within her eyes  
Which doth ennable all it doth behold ;  
Men look, and whom she greets in gracious wise  
A trembling reverence doth his heart enfold ;  
And each with lowered visage growtheth pale,  
And at his own shortcomings doth he sigh.  
Before her face both pride and anger fail—  
Women give aid to sound her praises high !  
Every sweet thing and humble thought the while  
Stirs in his heart who hears her accents kind,  
And he who once hath seen her—blest is he !  
And how she looks when she begins to smile  
Cannot be spoken nor be held in mind,  
Such a strange gentle miracle is she.

*Vita Nuova, xxi.*

*Petrarch*

MASTER FRANCESCO, I have come to thee  
And to thy friend, that gentle, fair-haired dame;  
To calm my angry spirit and set free  
My grim soul by sweet Sorga's crystal stream.  
Look ! shade and rest I find beneath this tree !  
I sit, and to the lonely shore I call ;  
Thou comest, and a choir encircles thee  
Who greet me with a friendly welcome all.  
And that sweet choir—they are those songs of  
thine,

Down whose fair sides their golden tresses fall—  
Escaping from the rose-wreaths that entwine  
Their gathered folds, in ringlets prodigal ;  
And one doth shake her locks, and the rebel cry  
Breaks from her tuneful lips, 'Rome ! Italy !'

*From the Italian of Carducci.*

*Before San Guido*

THE tall and slender cypresses that from San  
Guido go,  
Lining the road to Bolgheri in a long, straight,  
double row,  
Like youthful giants in a race, seen clear across  
the skies,  
Nodded in friendly greeting as they flashed before  
mine eyes.

They knew me well and whispered, with their  
tall heads bending low :  
' Return to thy old home again, no farther need'st  
thou go.  
Why wilt thou not come down to us ? Why wilt  
thou never stay ?  
The evening air is fresh and cool, and thou knowest  
well the way.

' Abide thou here and sit thee down within our  
fragrant shade

Where the cool breezes from the sea so oft with  
thee have played.

We bear no grudge against thee for the stones  
that thou didst throw,

They did not harm us in the least ; and that was  
long ago !

' Those precious nests of nightingales, we keep  
them still to-day ;

Ah ! wherefore wilt thou pass us by and fly so  
swift away ?

Remain with us for evermore ! The sparrows  
still at eve

In circles round our lofty heads their courses  
interweave.'

' Fair little cypresses of mine ! Ye faithful  
friends and true,

Friends of a better, happier time that I would  
fain renew '

(I looked upon them as I spoke) ; ' could I my wish  
fulfil,

With what a light and joyful heart I'd linger with  
you still.

' But yet, my little cypresses, you needs must let  
me go ;  
For this is not the merry time that once we used  
to know ;  
If you could only understand ! ' Tis not for me  
to say ;  
But really I have become a famous man to-day !

' For I have studied and can read both Greek and  
Latin too ;  
I write and write, and there are many other things  
I do.  
O cypresses, I'm not a naughty urchin any  
more,  
And stones I throw no longer as I used to do of  
yore—

' At least not at the plants ! ' And now a quiet  
murmur swept  
Round the hesitating tree-tops as their evening  
watch they kept ;  
And piercing through their depths of green, the  
waning day the while  
Beamed rosy red upon me with a kind and loving  
smile.

And then full well I knew that both the cypresses  
and sun

Had a tender, gentle pity for poor me, the  
wandering one ;

And soon the murmur turned to words, its meaning  
to impart—

‘ O yes ! full well we know it all, a wretched man  
thou art !

‘ Full well we know it, for to us the wind has told  
the tale—

The wind that bears the sighs of men upon its  
sorrowing gale—

How in thy breast eternally those maddening  
conflicts rage

Which thou hast neither wit nor power to stifle  
nor assuage.

‘ To us and to these oak-trees here thou freely  
mayst reveal

The sadness that oppresses thee, the grief thy  
heart doth feel.

O look ! how calm and peaceful, how clear and  
blue the sea !

And how upon its quiet breast the sun sinks  
lovingly !

' See how the flight of many birds hath filled the sunset sky !

How merry is the chatter as the sparrows flutter by !

To-night, the nightingales in song their brimming hearts shall pour.

O stay with us, nor still pursue thine idle phantoms more !

' Those phantoms vain and bootless that across thy fancy start

By impious thoughts are driven from the caverns of thy heart,

As at night unto the wayfarer the putrid flames will rise

From charnel-houses foul and dank and flash before his eyes.

' Stay with us, and to-morrow, when the noonday heat has come,

And in the shade of mighty oaks the steeds are standing dumb,

While round about and far and near, on high and everywhere

Over the burning, quivering plain, a silence fills the air,

## TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE III

' We cypresses will sing to thee in chorus full and high

The songs that hover ever between the earth and sky ;

And from these elm-trees there shall come the nymphs and dryads fair

To fan for thee with their white veils the sultry summer air.

' And Pan the eternal, who is wont upon this hour of day

On barren heights and o'er the plains to take his lonely way—

He shall transform the stifling cares that round thy spirits twine—

Poor helpless mortal that thou art—to harmonies divine ! '

' Beyond the Apennines ', I said, ' is a home to which I fare,

Where a little child awaiteth me who needs her father's care.

Titti is like a sparrow, but no feathered gown hath she

To keep her warm in winter days, so you must leave me free.

' And something else the child must eat than  
cypress berries hard,  
And I have not the fortune of a smug Manzonian  
bard  
Who draws four times the recompense his verses  
ought to gain—  
So farewell, cypresses ! Farewell, my sweet and  
fertile plain ! '

And they answered as we parted, ' Dost thou not  
remember still  
That thy grandam lieth buried in the graveyard  
on the hill ? '  
And while they vanished from my sight they  
seemed a black array  
Grumbling that I had scorned them as they fled  
in haste away.

And now from out that graveyard at the summit  
of the hill,  
Down the green lines of cypress which I saw in  
fancy still,  
Tall, and arrayed in sable gown, appeared that  
ancient dame,  
My grandmother Lucia, and with stately step  
she came.

And from her gracious lips, beneath her white  
and waving hair,  
Harmonious flowed the Tuscan speech in accents  
soft and rare,  
Filled with the power and sweetness the Versilia  
doth impart  
To the tongues of all her children ; how it lingers  
in my heart !

' Grandmother mine, how fair it was, the tale you  
used to tell  
When I was but a little child—Ah ! I remember  
well !  
Tell it again to this wise man ! I'd hear it still  
to-day,  
The tale of her who sought in vain the love that  
fled away.'

' *I've worn out seven pairs of shoes made all of iron  
and strong,*  
*And seven staffs my feet to stay upon my journey  
long ;*  
*And seven flasks of tears I've filled, through seven  
weary years,*  
*Yet here you sleep and will not wake for all my cries  
and tears.*'

' Grandmother mine, your verses yet seem beautiful and true,  
And the lost love that all in vain my heart doth  
still pursue  
Both morn and eve and day and night through  
many a weary year,  
Perchance if I but knew it well, is close beside me  
here,

' Under these swaying cypresses that wooed me  
all in vain,  
Within whose shade I never hope to rest my head  
again.  
Grandmother mine, perhaps it sleeps in your  
graveyard there above,  
Among those other cypresses—that cherished,  
vanished love ! '

And now with many a puff and snort the engine  
steams away,  
While in these idle reveries my wandering fancies  
stray ;  
And look ! a graceful flock of colts, like a troop  
of laughing boys,  
Caper and bound across the field, and whinny  
at the noise !

But an old grey ass stands cropping a thistle red  
and blue,  
And not a whit disturbeth him this mighty din  
and hue ;  
He will not deign to lift his eyes for the clatter  
and the roar,  
But slowly and sedately keeps on browsing as  
before.

*From the Italian of Carducci.*

*King Chand to the Daughter of Mitra.*

WHEN the crisp breeze doth pluck thy mantle's wings,

And chides them that they hide a form divine,  
And presses thy soft gown until it clings

To thy lithe limbs and bosom's rounded line,  
And lifts its hem from off thy shining feet,

And strokes thy hair and rumples every tress,  
And fans thy cheeks flushed with the summer's heat,

And kisses thy red lips in wantonness ;  
Longing I gaze and wish that I were he,

That I might touch thee with a hand so bold,  
And leaping from the valley swift and free,

Thy gracious body in mine arms enfold.  
But I stand shamefaced, for I would not dare  
Caress thee like that all-embracing air.

*From 'A Mine of Faults'.*

*Belovèd of my Heart*

BELOVÈD of my heart ! It is thy love—  
I know it well—kindling the golden light  
That dances on the leaves, or far above  
Soaring in opal clouds with fringes bright  
That idly drift across the morning sky.  
'Tis nothing but thy love—I feel it now—  
That stirs the breezes which go softly by,  
Leaving their coolness on my burning brow !  
These blessed morning rays that come from thee,  
Flooding my soul—they are thy message, dear,  
To my poor heart. Thy face bends over me,  
Thine eyes look down on mine and seem so near,  
That with a bound my soul leaps forth to greet  
Thy presence and to touch thy shining feet !

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, *Gitanjali* 59.

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